

No. 40

Starting this issue:  
The daring exploits of  
**THE SANDMAN!**

JULY, 1939

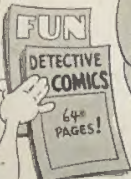
# Adventure COMICS

10¢





IT'S ALL I  
NEED TO GO  
ANY PLACE!



AROUND THE  
WORLD  
OR BUST!



THEY'RE ALL ORIGINAL CARTOONS PACKED  
WITH MYSTERY, THRILLS, AND ADVENTURE!  
PRINTED IN COLOR — 10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

The thrilling adventures of SUPERMAN appear each and every month in Action Comics!

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN, Editor

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# THE SANDMAN

LARRY DEAN

THE SANDMAN PROVES AGAIN, AND JUSTICE SCORES A BLOW TO CRIME.....

EXTRA!  
VIVIAN DALE  
KIDNAPED BY  
TARANTULA!  
EXTRA!

PAPER,  
BOY!

WORLD TELEVISION  
THE TARANTULA STRIKES!  
ACTRESS HELD FOR \$500,000

FULFILLING HIS PROMISE, THE  
TARANTULA STRUCK AT TEN  
TONIGHT, SNEAKING FROM HER  
LUXURIOUS HOME BEHIND  
HEAVY GUARD! - POLICE  
RAFFLED!

TELL ME WESLEY DODD -  
HOW? - HOW DOES THE TARANTULA  
DO IT? - THE POLICE HAD A 24  
HOUR WARNING AND GUARDS  
WERE WATCHING OVER OUR  
FRIEND VIVIAN'S ESTATE?

THE  
TARANTULA  
HAD  
ABILITY -

ABILITY? HE'S GOT  
MAGIC! - HOW ELSE COULD  
ANYONE SMUGGLE VIVIAN  
OUT? - I ASK YOU?

MAYBE HE DIDN'T  
SMUGGLE HER OUT,  
TOM - VIVIAN'S BIG  
HOUSE IS OLD -  
VERY OLD

STOP TALKING RIDDLES,  
WESLEY! - I WANT TO DO  
SOMETHING! I WANT  
TO HELP!

IF ONLY WE HAD  
A MARTIN LUTHER  
A PHIL VANCE - A  
THE SANDMAN!

THERE'S A BRILLIANT  
MIND! SOLID WORDS  
OF LAWS FOR THE POLICE  
BUT HE'S A MYSTERY! NOBODY  
KNOWS WHO HE IS OR WHERE  
HE IS, OR ANYTHING! - IF  
HE KNOW, MAYBE HE COULD  
SAVE VIVIAN

MAYBE  
HE DOES  
KNOW -

BOSH! THIS AFFAIR'S  
WENT UP TO MORE DREAMS!  
BETTER GET SOME SLEEP...  
THINK CLEARLY TOMORROW -  
NIGHT, WESLEY -



EXTINGUISHING THE LIGHTS, WESLEY PRESSED A CONCEALED BUTTON -- A WALL PANEL SILENTLY OPENS --

A FEW MINUTES LATER -- IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND LABORATORY -- WESLEY PREPARED SOME CHEMICALS FOR A STRANGE GUN --



THEN WE DONS ALL  
BLACK APPAREL -

THERE!  
MR SANDMAN  
IS READY !!

ONE HOUR LATER - HAVING SLIPPED THROUGH  
THE SURROUNDING POLICE WEB, THE SANDMAN  
SKILLFULLY ENTERS VIVIAN DALE'S HOME -

YOU'RE  
ALL  
SUSPECTS -

-ALL OF YOU- HOUSE GUESTS AND  
EMPLOYEES ALIKE- WERE HERE  
WHEN MISS DALE DISAPPEARED-  
SO YOU'RE ALL POSSIBLE ACCOMPLICES  
OF THE TARANTULA- WE'LL HAVE  
TO HOLD YOU HERE TONIGHT!

SEE HERE, CAPTAIN!  
I WON'T STAND FOR THIS  
TREATMENT!- I ---

SORRY, MR. CROSSART,  
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO-  
NOW, EVERYBODY, GO TO  
YOUR ROOMS, LOCK THE  
DOORS, AND STAY  
THERE!

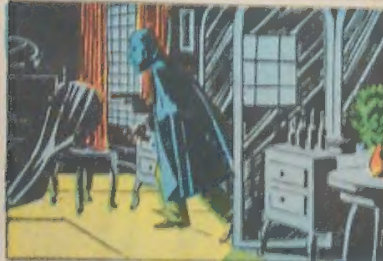
WE'RE EXPECTING  
A VISIT- A MESSAGE-  
FROM THE TARANTULA-  
AND WE DON'T WANT  
ANYONE PROWLING  
ABOUT WHEN HE  
COMES !!

DON'T  
WORRY  
!!

SO THE TARANTULA  
COMES AGAIN TONIGHT?  
GOOD!- MEANWHILE,  
I'LL LOOK AROUND-

AND THERE -

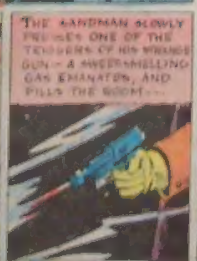
MOTIONLESS -



FEELING ABOUT THE HUGE MIRROR, THE BANDMAN FINDS A CATCH - - - PRESSES IT - - -



SHADOW-LIKE, HE STEALS THROUGH THE TORTUOUS PASSAGEWAYS - - -





THE SANDS OF DEEP  
SLEEP FILL HIS EYES -  
AND VIVIAN'S, TOO - NOW  
TO DEAL WITH THE  
TARANTULA, HIMSELF!!

EXPLORING THE BRANCHING TUNNELS, THE  
SANDMAN PEERS INTO VARIOUS ROOMS OF THE  
OLD HOUSE -

CAPTAIN! HE'S BEEN HERE!!  
THE TARANTULA KNOCKED OUT  
SARGEANT KELLY, AND LEFT  
THIS NOTE PINNED NEXT TO  
HIS BADGE!

WHAT  
?!

AN EMPTY GUEST  
ROOM - HMMM--- MR  
CROSSART'S CANE--

MEANWHILE - BACK WHERE VIVIAN IS TIED---

THEY'RE  
ASLEEP  
?

THAT VIOLET ODOR?  
THIS SPRINKLED SAND?  
THE SANDMAN'S  
BEEN HERE!

WITH AUTOMATIC READY, THE TARANTULA  
STALKS THROUGH THE PASSAGeways ---

HE'LL REGRET  
HAVING  
INTERFERED!

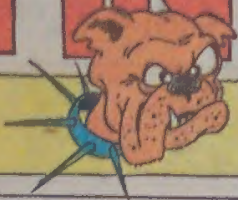
PEEKING INTO CROSSART'S ROOM, THE TARANTULA SEES A  
SHADOWY FIGURE BENT OVER A DESK -

SILENTLY OPENING A SECRET  
DOOR, HE AIMS HIS GUN ---  
**FIRES!!**





# TINY



WE CAN  
YA BEAT THAT!  
THERE'S A BIG  
MUTT ON OUR  
PROPERTY!



GUESS I'LL  
ATTACK HIM  
WHILE IT'S  
STILL DARK!



GOSH!  
I'LL BET I'M  
THE TOUGHEST  
THING  
ALIVE-!



HE'S TWICE  
AS BIG AS ME  
SO IT'LL BE A  
TOUGH FIGHT!



OUCH!  
MY TEETH!

HE'S AS  
HARD AS ROCK—  
I'LL COME  
BACK IN THE  
MORNING TO  
SEE WHAT  
HE LOOKS  
LIKE!



WHY—IT WAS  
ONLY AN OLD  
TREE STUMP!

—NEXT MORNING



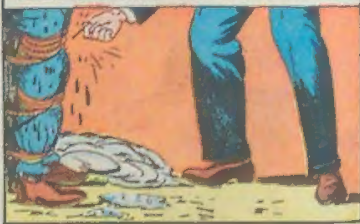
# Barry O'Neill

by Win

SYNOPSIS:.... BARRY AND LEOPARD WERE CAPTURED BY A BAND OF INTERNATIONAL SPIES WHOSE LEADER IS COUNT GUNIFF TO DISPOSE OF THE TWO, AND ALSO AMUSE HIMSELF MEANTIME, GUNIFF HAS THEM TIED TO A POST AND SATURATED WITH GASOLINE.... GUNIFF THEN APPLIED THE MATCH.....



ATTEMPTS TO IGNITE THEIR CLOTHES FAIL.





WHERE ARE YA  
GOING BUDDIE?

?

SO, WE'RE  
INTRUSERS

YOU IN THERE?  
COME OUT!!

COME A-  
GET US

EVIDENTLY THEY HAVE A REASON  
FOR THAT ATTITUDE...WONDER IF  
THEY COULD HAVE A HAND IN THE  
DISAPPEARANCE OF O'NEILL AND  
THE INSPECTOR?

ACCEPTING THE INVITATION TO COME  
AND GET THEM, THE FLYERS HURL TEAR  
GAS BOMBS INTO THE CAVE.

OOOW! TEAR  
GAS. WHAT'LL IVE  
DO...OH MY EYES.

CANT STAND  
THIS - WE'RE  
COMIN' OUT!

UP WITH YOUR  
HANDS LEON  
SEE IF THEY HAVE  
ANY CONCEALED  
WEAPONS



DIERPE, LOOK TO THE PRISONERS THE REST FOLLOW ME.



HEADS UP, WE DONT WANT TO WALK INTO A TRAP

LEON! YOU OVER THE HILL.



WELL, WELL, LOOK WHAT WE GOT. VISITORS.



LET'S KEEP THEM HERE WITH LEAD.



OH MY ARM, LOOK TO YOURSELVES MEN

RECOVERING FROM THEIR SURPRISE, THE WITHERING ATTACK OF THE AVIATORS COMPLETELY ROUTS THE GANG.



GOOD WORK CAPTAIN. EFFICIENTLY DONE.. ANY CASUALTIES?

ONLY MINOR ONES, SIR //

ONE OF THE THUGS MORTALLY WOUNDED STAGGERS INTO GUNIFF'S CHAMBER



CHIEF WE'VE CAUGHT ..THEY GOT FLYERS





DEAD!! TOO BAD... A  
FAITHFUL SERVANT...  
VERY SAD INDEED.

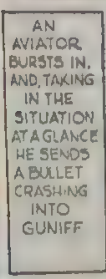


PEEG!!

SO YOU THINK YOU  
WILL BE RESCUED EN?



THAT IS A THEORY  
I SHALL NOW  
EXPLODE



AN  
AVIATOR  
BURSTS IN,  
AND, TAKING  
IN THE  
SITUATION  
AT A GLANCE  
HE SENDS  
A BULLET  
CRASHING  
INTO  
GUNIFF

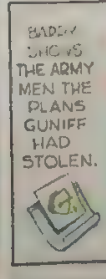


OH NO YOU  
DONT!!



I'LL HAVE YOU  
LOOSE IN A  
JIFFY.

THANKS... BUT  
I WAS GETTING  
STIFF... GUNIFF  
WAS A FIEND.



BADEN  
SHOWS  
THE ARMY  
MEN THE  
PLANS  
GUNIFF  
HAD  
STOLEN.



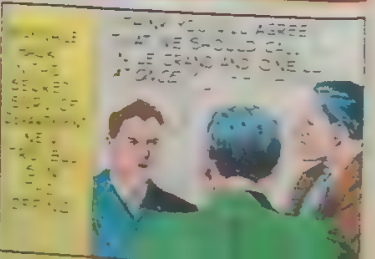
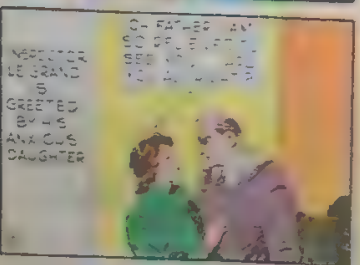
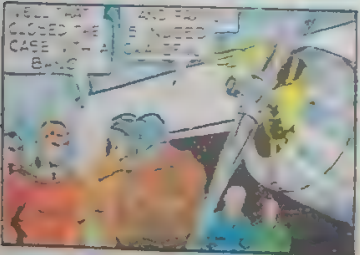
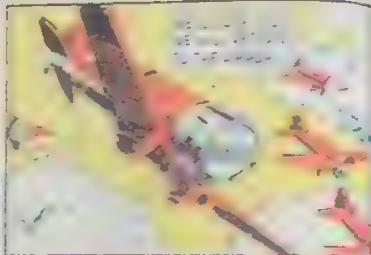
HERE THEY ARE, AND  
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE,  
NOTHING IS  
MISSING.



THIS WAS GUNIFF'S HEAD QUARTERS FROM  
HERE HE COULD DESTROY ALL  
THOSE PLANS  
SHOW



THIS PLACE MUST BE WIPED OUT. OUR  
PLANES ARE FULLY EQUIPPED -  
WHY NOT HAVE A LITTLE  
BOMBING PRACTICE?





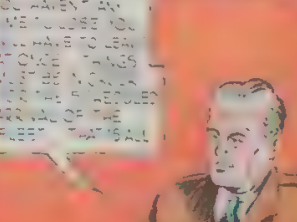
1 HAVE JUST FINISHED  
 DECODING MESSAGE  
 RECEIVED FROM OUR  
 AGENT IN TUNISIA

BARRE  
 ANDERSON  
 WILSON  
 CALSON  
 WILSON  
 FORDSON

**GOOD-BUY AND GOOD-BYE  
WAVE YOURS OFFERING  
ON YOUR SUCCESS**

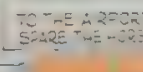
A painting of a red boat on a green sea under a yellow sky. The boat is a small, simple vessel with a single mast and a small sail. It is positioned in the center of the frame, moving towards the right. The sea is a vibrant green, and the sky is a bright yellow. The overall style is that of a child's drawing, with bold colors and simple shapes.

A detailed illustration of a hand holding a stack of papers. The hand is positioned at the bottom left, with fingers gripping the edge of the papers. The papers are slightly fanned out, showing multiple sheets of lined paper with handwritten text in cursive. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a desk or a similar surface. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the paper and the skin of the hand.



TO THE AIRPORT AND DON'T  
SPARE THE HORSES!

OUI?



TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CON'VED.

# FEDERAL MEN

JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.B.I.

GOT CHANGE FOR A  
FIVE STEVE?

HERE YOU ARE CHIEF

IMAGINE! THE GREAT  
STEVE CARSON BEING  
TAKEN IN BY A PHONEY  
FIVE DOLLAR BILL!

IF THIS IS REALLY A  
COUNTERFEIT, IT'S ONE  
OF THE BEST IVE EVER  
SEEN!

THAT'S WHAT BOTHERS  
ME THIS BILL WAS  
PICKED UP IN A SMALL  
TOWN NAMED TARRYVILLE  
BUT IT HAS THE EARMARKS  
OF A BIG-TIME JOB  
LOOK INTO IT, STEVE!

RIGHT AWAY

TAKING THE EARLIEST PLANE FOR TARRYVILLE, THE  
ACE G-MAN ZOOMS THRU THE SKIES TOWARD THE  
SOLUTION OF A THRILLING MYSTERY...

UPON REACHING TARRYVILLE, STEVE INTERVIEWS  
STOREKEEPERS...

DO YOU REMEMBER WHO  
TURNED IN FIVE DOLLAR  
BILLS RECENTLY?

I AIN'T NO ELEPHANT!  
I DON'T REMEMBER  
EVERYTHING

STEVE  
CARSON!

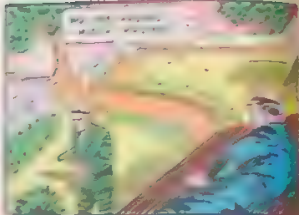
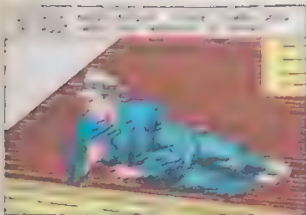
WAIT'LL MIKE LEARNS!  
WILL HE BURN!

I JUST SAW STEVE CARSON IN  
TOWN! THE FED'S ARE WISE  
TO US!

SOMEONE'S BEEN  
SPREADIN' TH'  
PHONEY-DOUGH!  
WHO?

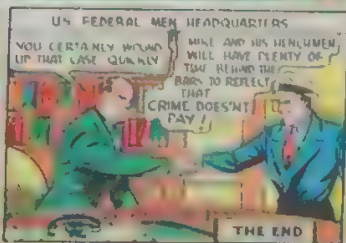
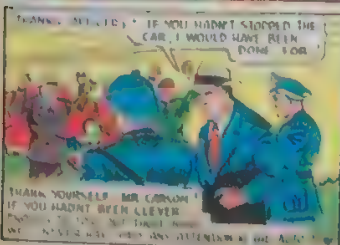
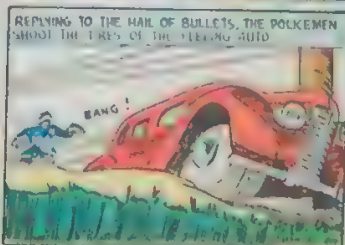
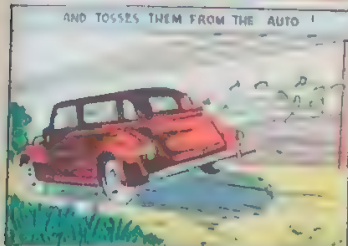
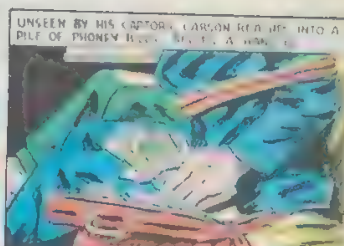






JUST AS HE REACHES THE DOORWAY STEVE  
CAPTURES HIM ON THE CAR WITH A WATER-BURST.





# JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

U

you may not begin to keep these files for your own purposes.

may try to fool you and misrepresent, but if you know the person well, you are well aware of the sound of his voice. Remember that no one can change the sound of his voice permanently. Sooner or later he will make a slip and talk in his natural speaking voice. And that is the moment you must be prepared for. If you are familiar with the voice of the man you are tracing, so much the better. If you are not, get someone who has spoken to him and who can identify his voice. Always bear in mind

eternally, on the face of people are—you

that may be used to observe the man's notebook and friend walks

## Junior Federal Men Club

Steve Carson,  
J. P. M. C. Headquarters,  
480 Lexington Ave., New York City  
Dear Steve:

Would you please send me an application card for the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB?

Name

Age

Address

City and State



# .. Peekin at Pictures ..



MICKEY

-ROONEY-

MADE HIS STAGE  
DEBUT AT THE AGE  
OF MONTHS  
AT 3 GOVERNOR  
ALFRED SMITH GAVE  
HIM A SPECIAL ACT-  
ING PERMIT FOR  
THE N.Y. STAGE

JIMMY

CAREY.

THE TOUGH GUY  
OF THE SCREEN - MADE  
HIS FIRST HIT AS A  
FEMALE IMPERSONATOR

THE LARGE-EARED  
ELEPHANTS IN TARZAN  
AND OTHER JUNGLE  
PICTURES ARE INDIAN  
ELEPHANTS WEARING  
FAKE EARS

AFRICAN  
ELEPHANTS  
CAN'T BE  
"EARED"

OH  
YOU  
CUTE  
KID!

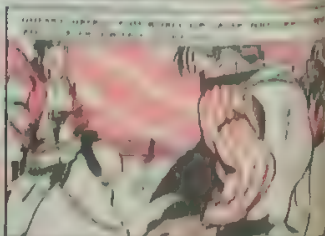
A GULL  
ONCE TOOK  
AWAY HIS  
HALL AND  
WENT OFF WITH IT



# JACK WOODS



By *Jack Wood*



ONCE IN THE SADDLE JACK SPURS HIS MUSTANG TOWARD THE OLD MAN'S CABIN---



I RECKON WOLF AIN'T RAIDED 'EM YET. HAD TO GET RID OF THE SHERIFF AND ME FIRST



JACK STEPS INTO THE CABIN---

NO FUNNY BUSINESS NOW GRANDPA! I WANT THAT LEATHER COVERED BOX SCAR TORTILLA WAS AFTER

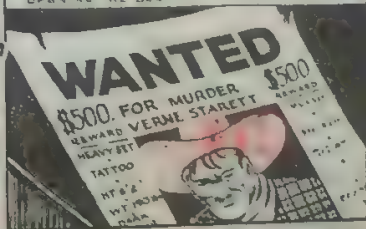


WHO ARE YOU?

THANKS MA'AM NOW IF YOU SHUT THOSE BLINDS I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THIS STUFF



THE FIRST THING JACK SAW UPON OPENING THE BLINDS



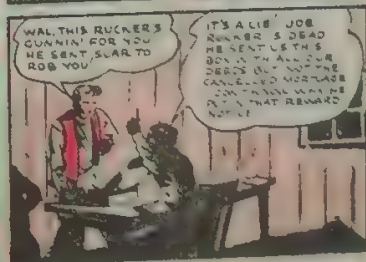
DO YOU FOLKS KNOW A MAN NAMED RUCKER.

WHY, YES, BUT WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DO WITH HIM? WE PAID OFF THAT MORTGAGE.



WAL, THIS RUCKER'S CUNNIN' FOR YOU HE SENT SCAR TO ROB YOU

IT'S A LIE! JOB RUCKER'S DEAD HE SENT LETH'S DEAD IN THAT CAR DEEDS BUT NOT THE CANCELLED MORTGAGE CAN THAT BE WHY HE PUT THAT REWARD NOTICE







WOLF FELL ACROSS THE TABLE BLOOD STAINING HIS  
OWN WANTED NOTICE --

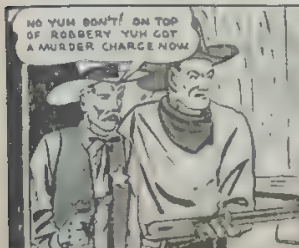


IT COULD BE EASY  
THROUGH YOU. HAVE  
YOU BE LAID UP A  
COUPLE OF DAYS

I HADN'T GOT THE  
SAME BUT  
SOMEBODY IT ARE  
THEY NOW AGAIN



NO YUM DON'T! ON TOP  
OF ROBBERY YUH GOT  
A MURDER CHARGE NOW



DON'T BE A DANCED  
FOOL, SHERIFF! READ  
THAT WANTED NOTICE

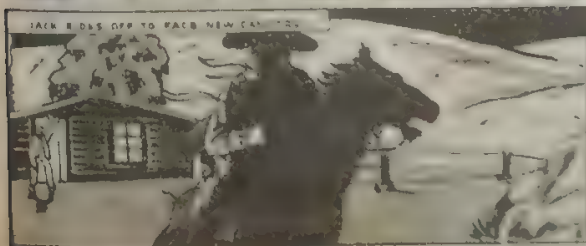


WAL THIS SORT OF  
CHANCES THINGS!

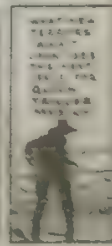
YES AND RETURN  
TO S. MCKINLEY  
TOU. AND NO IT'S  
THE FINEST THAT  
YOU DO WILL'S  
ARMY



JACK RIDS OFF TO FACE NEW CHARGES



WHAT NEW  
TEACHES  
AND  
JACK RIDS  
WILL MEET  
IN A FIVE  
QUARTER  
TWO AND  
NINE AM



# ADVENTURE *in* STAMPS



FIVE



CLIP COPIES  
OF STAMPS



STAMPS ARE A TREASURY OF ART AND HISTORY. THEY ARE A WAY OF TELLING US ABOUT THE WORLD AND THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT. THEY ARE A WAY OF REMEMBERING THE PAST AND THE FUTURE. THEY ARE A WAY OF SHOWING US THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD AND THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT. THEY ARE A WAY OF TELLING US ABOUT THE WORLD AND THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT. THEY ARE A WAY OF REMEMBERING THE PAST AND THE FUTURE. THEY ARE A WAY OF SHOWING US THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD AND THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT.





AMELL LITTLE GIAR? LU  
KOTHING LINE IT AUTOMATI

AMELL LITTLE GIAR? LU  
KOTHING LINE IT AUTOMATI

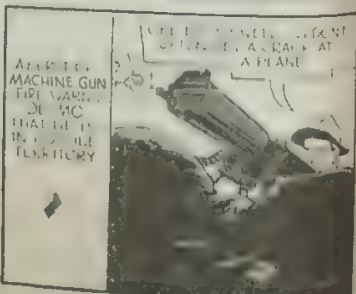
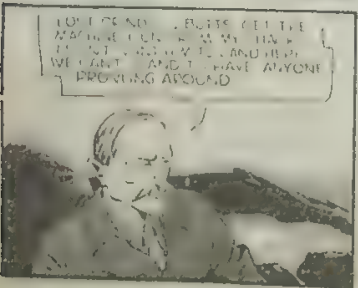
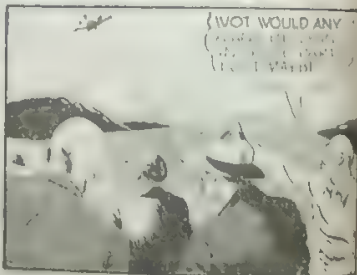
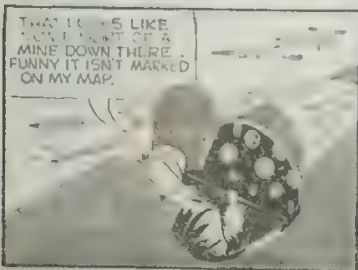
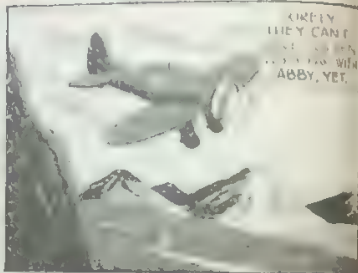
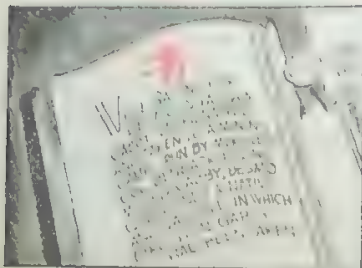
(1) The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of mathematics in the context of the development of mathematical thought.

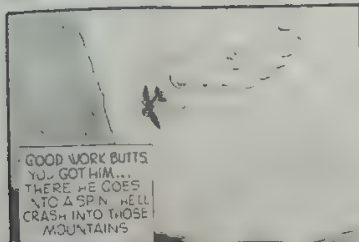
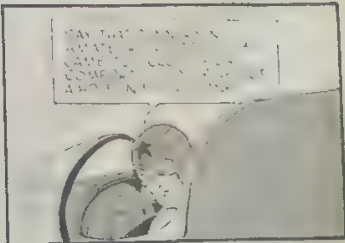
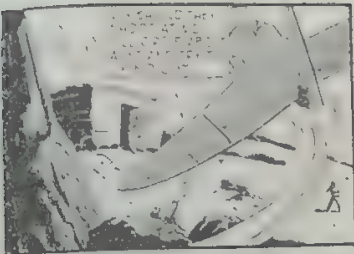


Box 6187, Motry Sub., Los Angeles, Cal

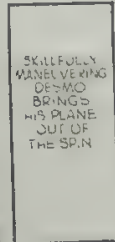
# Captain Guesard

by Win

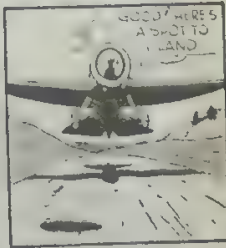




GOOD WORK BUTTS  
YOU GOT HIM...  
THERE HE GOES  
INTO A SP.N. HELL  
CRASH INTO THOSE  
MOUNTAINS



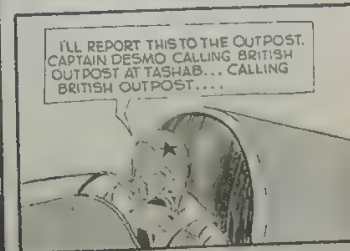
SKILLFULLY  
MANEUVERING  
DESMO  
BRINGS  
HIS PLANE  
OUT OF  
THE SP.N.



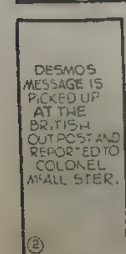
GOOD! HERE'S  
A SPOT TO  
LAND



YEAH! HIS  
NUMBER  
IS UP!



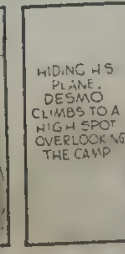
I'LL REPORT THIS TO THE OUTPOST.  
CAPTAIN DESMO CALLING BRITISH  
OUTPOST AT TASHAB... CALLING  
BRITISH OUTPOST....



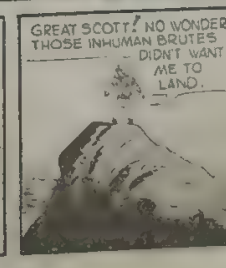
DESMOS  
MESSAGE IS  
PICKED UP  
AT THE  
BRITISH  
OUTPOST AND  
REPORT-ED TO  
COLONEL  
MALLISTER.



HAVE FLIGHT PATROL IN-  
VESTIGATE THAT REPORTED  
AREA THOROUGHLY.

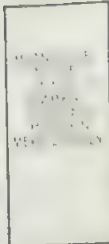


HIDING HIS  
PLANE,  
DESMO  
CLIMBS TO A  
HIGH SPOT  
OVERLOOKING  
THE CAMP

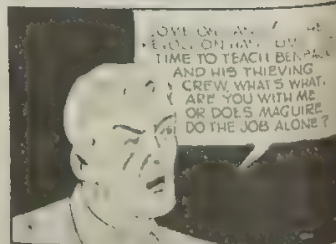


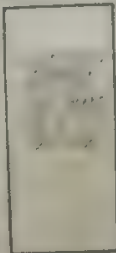
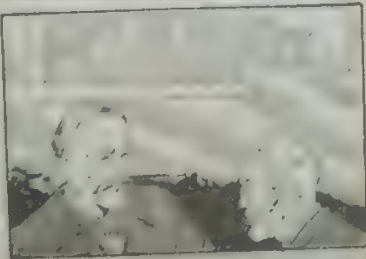
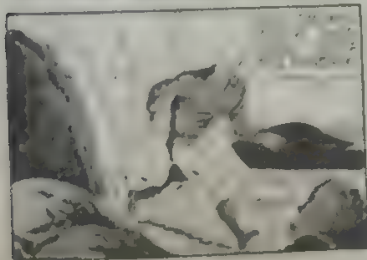
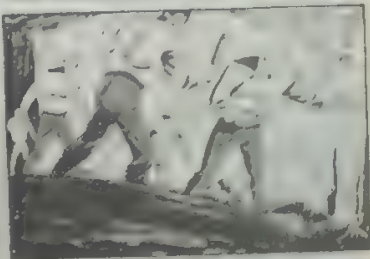
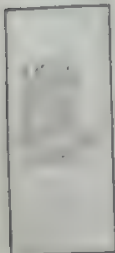
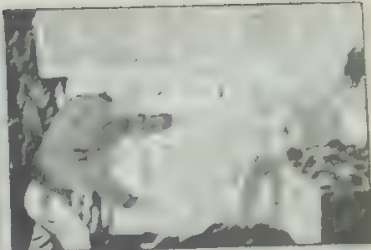
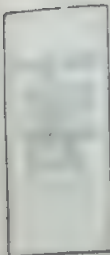
GREAT SCOTT! NO WONDER  
THOSE INHUMAN BRUTES  
- DIDN'T WANT  
ME TO  
LAND.

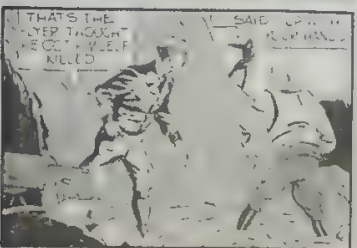
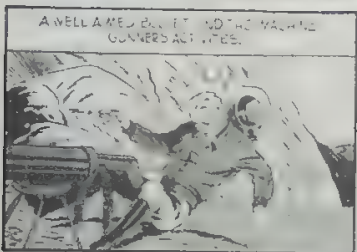
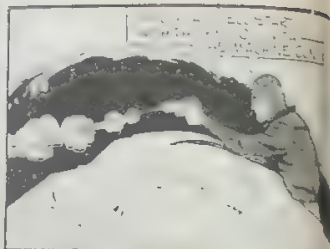




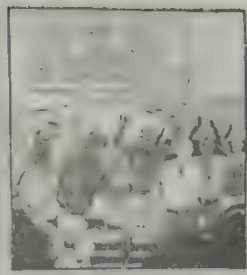
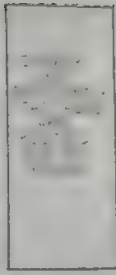
SUDDENLY  
JAMES AND  
ALAN WERE  
LIKE A FEET  
ON A  
THE AIR  
THEY WERE  
SHAFT  
REBOUNDS  
TO THE  
CRUSHING  
OF BONE  
AGAINST  
FLESH.







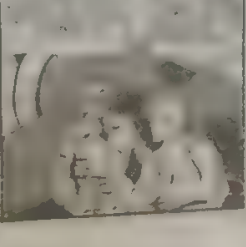




SEEING THE  
FURTHER  
ON, HE  
HEARD A  
SOUND  
AND HE  
TOO THE  
TO THE



AT THIS  
MOMENT  
A PATROL  
OF BRITISH  
PLANES  
APPEARED.



# Don Coyote

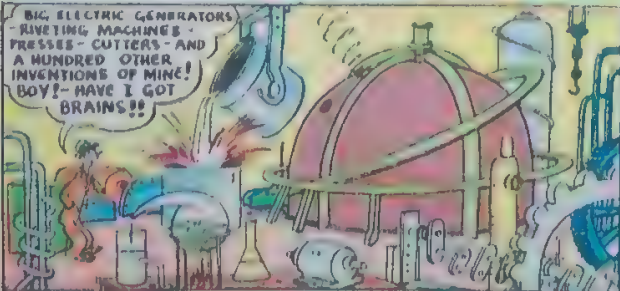
IN YE DAYS OF  
YESTERYEAR

ALMOST TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE DON COYOTE'S 20TH CENTURY FRIEND HAS DETHRONED THE RULER OF THE BRITISH ISLES AND SET HIMSELF UP AS KING!

DURING THESE TWO YEARS HE HAD TWO THOUSAND OF HIS SUBJECTS BUILD UP AN ULTRA-MODERN LABORATORY IN WHICH HE IS RE-INVENTING MANY GADGETS FROM HIS OWN TIME. (1940)



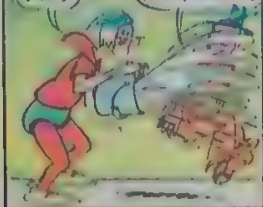
BIG ELECTRIC GENERATORS - RIVETING MACHINES - PRESSES - CUTTERS - AND A HUNDRED OTHER INVENTIONS OF MINE! BOY!- HAVE I GOT BRAINS!!



OF COURSE I COULDN'T OF DID ALL THIS IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY ENCYCLOPEDIA TO SHOW ME HOW TO DO IT ALL! SEE?



YE GODS! THY TOOTH PICK IS ON FIRE!



HEY-QUIT IT! -IT'S NOT A TOOTHPICK-IT'S A CIGARETTE!

HARK!-NORRIS SIR COUL'DST THOU SET THIS MASTERPIECE INTO TYPE?



OH!-IT'S YOU AGAIN!- SCRAM BEFORE I HAVE YOU BEHEADED!

HIM!-OH HE'S SHAKESPEARE! -I HAD 300 MEN BUILD HIM A PRINTING PRESS AND AFTER I PRINTED 500,000,000 BIG COPIES OF HIS BOOKS- I DISCOVERED THAT ONLY 25 MEN IN THE COUNTRY COULD READ. THE ILLITERATE SAPIES!



AH HIS SAD! WAX IS US I THAR FOOL PLAY!

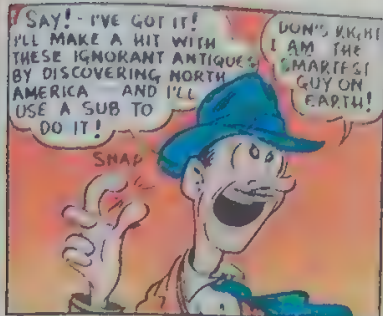


OF COURSE THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE 300 AIRPLANES WE BUILT WHICH WOON'T WORK!

WELL YA BETTER RUN ALONG DON WHILE I READ MY HISTORY BOOK!- I WANNA KNOW WHUT'LL HAPPEN DURING THE NEXT FEW YEARS!



TRULY SIR THOU ART THE WISEST MORTAL ON EARTH.



# BULLDOG MARSHALL

by BART TUMEX.

BULLDOG ARRIVES AT NARATOGA RACE TRACK  
TO KEEP AN EARLY MORNING APPOINTMENT.

WHERE ARE THE  
FENTON STABLES,  
BUD?

LILLIAN FENTON'S? I  
THINK SHE'S OVER  
IN TH' FORTIES,  
MISTER.



HERE'S FORTY ONE...  
I'LL INQUIRE HERE.



AS BULLDOG ENTERS THE STABLE.....

A PERFECT JOB, RINGER! NO ONE  
WILL EVER SUSPECT THIS HORSE ISN'T  
MY OLD PLATER, SLOW MOTION!



THIS STAR I'VE PAINTED ON SEA ADWELL'S  
HEAD MAKES HIM A DEAD RINGER  
FOR SLOW MOTION!

HE'S A  
CINCH TO GET  
BY THE TRACK  
STEWARD'S.



BEFORE BULLDOG CAN LEAVE THE STABLE

POFFY, WE...  
CLEAN JOB ON...  
WHAT TH'...?

HE'S WISE TO  
US, RINGER!  
GET 'IM!



VERY WELL...  
GENTLEMAN,  
IF YOU  
INSIST!

SMACK!





RINGER REACHES FOR A JOCKEY'S WHIP....



AND STRIKES FROM BEHIND....



UNCONSCIOUS, MARTIN IS BOUND AND CARRIED TO PALFREY'S CAR AT THE REAR OF HIS STABLE.



HERE'S SOME COMPANY FOR YOU HEFTY. THIS GUY IS WISE TO OUR PLANS.



BULLDOG IS FORCED INTO AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM.



KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, HEFTY... WE'LL LOSE PLENTY IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG.

WHAT ABOUT THAT HORSE, POISON? HE'S PLENTY FAST.



POISON! THAT'S THE HORSE I WANTED ME TO SEE WORK OUT THIS MORNING!

DON'T WORRY, HEFTY - IF POISON LEAPS INTO THE STREET - I'LL GIVE HIM A DOSE OF HIS OWN KAYE!



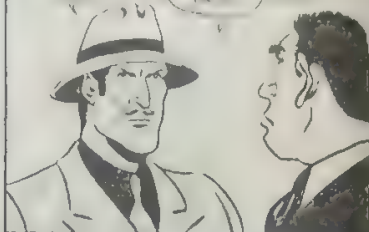
SO THAT'S THE RACKET? A BOBOL  
OUTLAYS THE OCEANIC SEA  
ADMIRAL BALLY (TENDS TO  
KILL BOBOL DURING THE RACE!



THEY'VE CLEARED MY ROCKET'S  
AND THIS ROOM'S PERFECTLY  
SAFE...



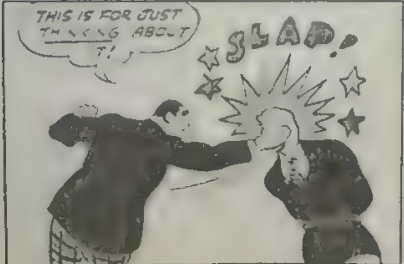
NEEDN'T WASTE MY TIME BOARDER  
HEAVY... (LEAVE HIM TO ME,  
BOSS)



TRYIN' TO FIGURE  
A WAY OUT, EH?



THIS IS FOR JUST  
THINKING ABOUT  
IT!



AND THIS IS  
FOR THE NEXT  
TIME YOU  
THINK ABOUT  
IT!



NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER,  
I'LL GO DOWN AND TUNE IN  
THE RACES!



BULLDOG HAS FELT SOMETHING PRICK - SCAB

THEY DID MISS  
SOMETHING!  
IT'S MY NAIL  
FILE!



AT THE WINDOW LEDGE HE WORKS THE FLE  
BOARD UNTIL - CRACK! - TO THE FLOOR



HEADING THE FLEA MARKET BUILDING  
BEANS - CRACK! - CRACK!



LATER

NO BETTER BRUGH MY  
DOAN HERE WHERE I  
CAN WATCH HIM!

HE RETURN  
YOU TO OUR  
STUDIOS -  
WE FOR THE  
NEXT RACE -  
SNAP!



FREE! NOW TO GET  
OUT OF HERE!



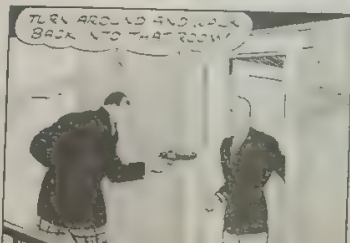
BUT HEETTY SEES THE DOOR KNOB TURNING!

WHAT  
TH...

?



TURN AROUND AND HOLD  
BACK INTO THAT ROOM!

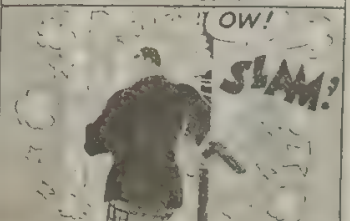


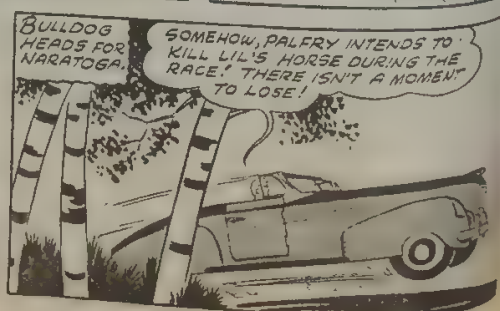
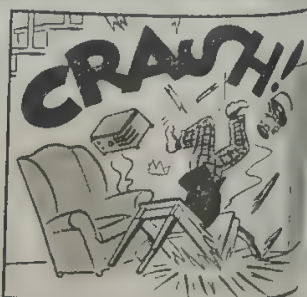
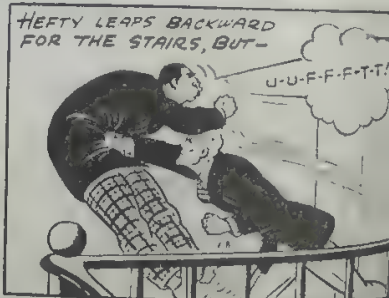
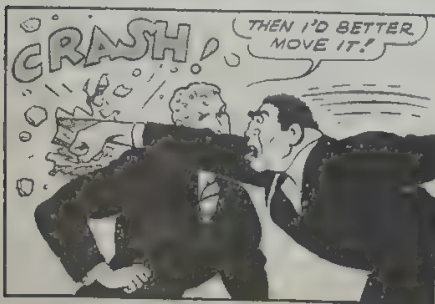
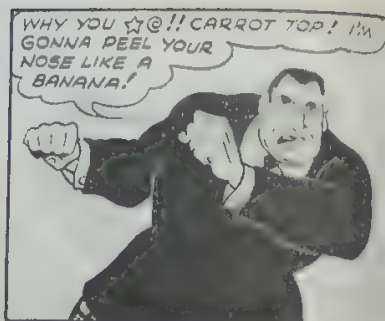
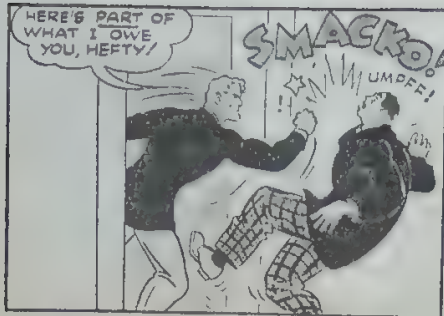
BULLDOGS KICKS BACKWARD AT THE DOOR...



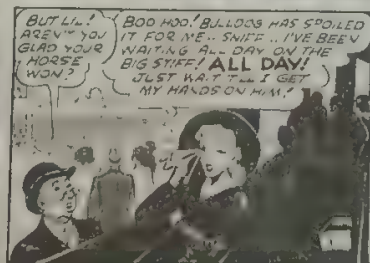
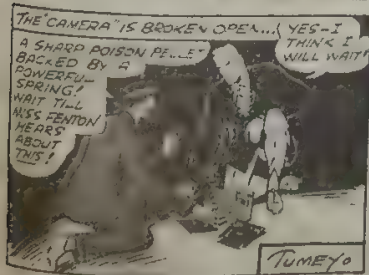
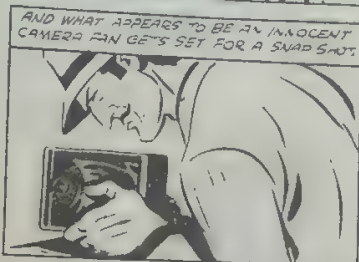
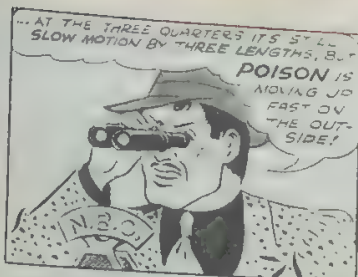
CATCHING HEETTY OFF GUARD!

OW!  
SLAM!









THAT evening Browne and I took a cab across the Brooklyn Bridge to the City of Churches. The driver, following my friend's directions, wound down through the narrow streets towards the waterfront. A few minutes later Browne ordered the cabby to stop. We got out, paid him off and continued along on foot.

The streets were practically deserted save for an occasional slouched figure that would shuffle by us in the deep gloom. On both sides of the thoroughfare were tall, plain-walled warehouses and coffee-roasting plants. In the distance we could hear the muffled hoots of the tugs and sundry river craft.



was a stairway that aroused our curiosity. We climbed to the first floor and then to the second.

Suddenly Browne flicked out the light and placed his hand on my

He hadn't returned yet. I leaned against the railing and waited. A minute passed and then another and still one more.

I was beginning to get anxious when five minutes or so had passed. I decided to follow Browne and see what had happened. I went off I went down the hall to the right. I reached a turn and around it discreetly and then advanced along the wall for about twenty-five feet.

At that moment a door closed at the far end of the corridor and I thought I heard the muffled voices I saw through the hole in the holster and slipped forward quietly.

As I approached the entrance

# MONEY MAKERS

By

FRANK THOMAS

We finally halted and Browne pointed out the building. It was evidently a warehouse and it had the same appearance as the other somber-looking structures in the neighborhood.

A small door that was locked led to the various offices.

"Guess we'll have to try the back way," suggested Browne.

We walked around the corner to the side of the building and discovered that the freight entrance was open. We stepped in and found ourselves in utter darkness.

Browne played his flashlight around and to our right we saw a long corridor. Directly before us

arm. "Hold it, Slim, I just heard a sound."

We paused and in the stillness I thought I detected a noise not unlike the metallic click of a closing door.

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken, old man," whispered Browne, "this is the place we want. Now here's what I suggest. This hall in front of us winds around the entire floor so let's split up and make a complete circuit and meet back here in say, five minutes."

"Okay," I responded and set off to my left.

It was so dark that I felt as if I was walking through a bottle of black ink. I tightened my right hand around the automatic hanging in my shoulder holster and proceeded along slowly, keeping close to the wall. The hallway was absolutely quiet and in a little over a minute's time I reached the end of it where it opened out onto the fire-exit stairway.

I listened carefully but there wasn't a sound. Then I turned and traced my steps back to the head of the stairs where I was to meet Browne.

saw a thin strip of light beneath the door. . . somebody was in the room on the other side.

The sound of voices was now quite loud but I was still unable to distinguish what was being said. So I put my hand on the knob and turned it. The door swung open and opened in on a dimly lit room with three men standing in the center.

My eyes traveled quickly from the group to a huddled figure in the corner. It was Browne, right, bound hand and foot, with a tape over his mouth and a



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The three gents were gathered around a small hand press which one of them was working. "Good evening, fellows," I said, leveling the automatic at them.

They wheeled around cursing "Another Fed, eh?" one of them marled.

"Quite correct," I assured them "And please keep those mitts of yours stretched towards the ceiling or I'll be forced to squeeze this little trigger."

I advanced into the room but there must have been a fourth counterfeiter standing behind a big cabinet to my left. Something whizzed through the air and cracked me right on the back of the neck. I went down on my knees and the automatic popped from my hand and skipped across the floor.

Then the four of them closed in on me.

With those odds against me I think I did a pretty fair job. Before they had me completely down, I handed two of them a pair of beautiful looking 'shiners' and had a third gent gasping for air through a blood-covered nose.

**T**HEY bound me and threw me down beside Browne and one of them was all for doing away with me then and there. The other three objected and they decided to put me to sleep for awhile. "We'll use the chloroform gag; that'll give us time to pack our things and hop aboard the Princess of Bermuda that's sailing at midnight tonight."

They propped me up and tied a chloroform-soaked sponge beneath my chin. In fifteen minutes they had the United States currency plates and all their other accessories packed and ready to leave and by that time my head was beginning to spin and my eyes were getting heavy.



"Pleasant dreams, mug!" they sneered and they closed the door behind them.

I had to act quickly before I passed out of the picture altogether.

On a table near the wall was a telephone but my chances of ever reaching it seemed pretty remote. I had to get the chloroform sponge off my chin and get it off in a hurry ... I was getting tired and sleepy.

Over in the opposite corner was a pail filled with water, evidently in case of fire. That seemed like my only chance, so I rolled over on my side and wiggled myself snake-like across the floor. I reached the pail with a hundred splinters pricking my legs and stomach. Then I forced myself up and taking a deep breath, plunged my head into the water. I performed this little trick three or four times until I felt fully awake. The water, too, had taken all the strength out of the chloroform-soaked sponge.

Next, I crawled over to the printing press standing in the center of the room and backed myself against the angular, steel leg of the machine. In this position I could work my hands on each side of the leg and possibly cut the rope binding me.

It seemed as if I moved my arms up and down for a thousand years ... and then the rope snapped.

Three minutes later I had Browne untied and was on the telephone calling police headquarters. They sent a squad car around and Browne and I and the police went spinning over the Manhattan Bridge and up the west side to the Furness Line pier. We arrived ten minutes before the Princess of Bermuda was scheduled to pull out and we had the pleasure of nabbing those four gents just as they were about to climb the gangplank.

"That's the story, Joe," said Tex, flicking his cigarette away, "and perhaps you can see now why I didn't think you'd be able to print it?"

"Definitely," I replied. "Our readers would probably die laughing if they saw a headline in our rag saying 'United States Prints Counterfeit Money!'"

THE END

For The

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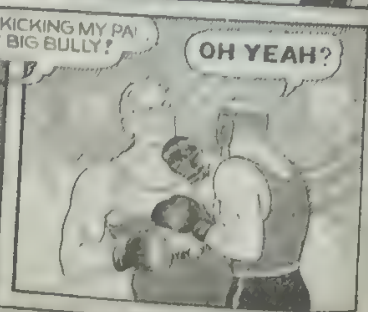
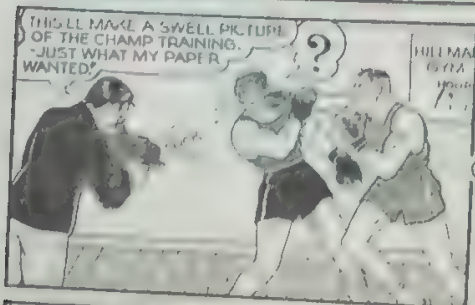
DEPT. 26

BIVERT, CALIF.

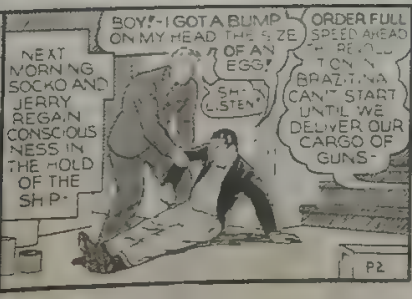
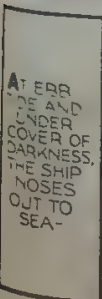
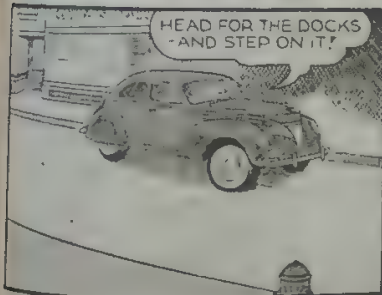
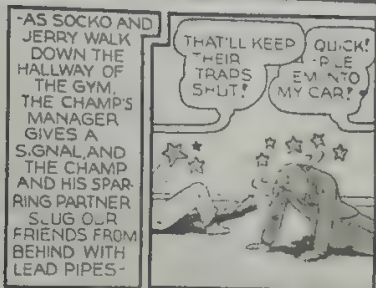
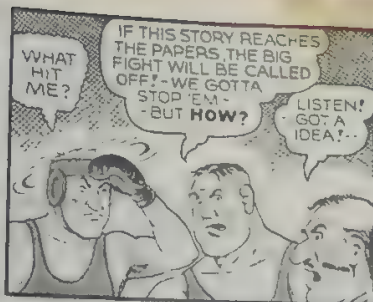
# SOCKO STRONG

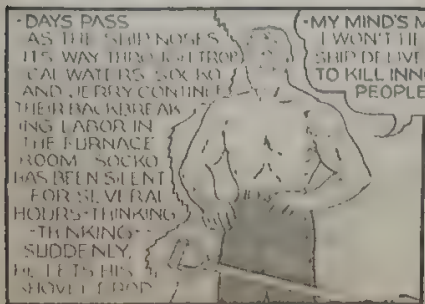
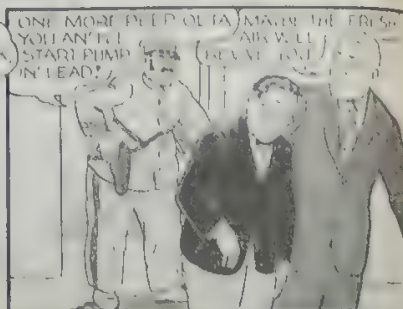
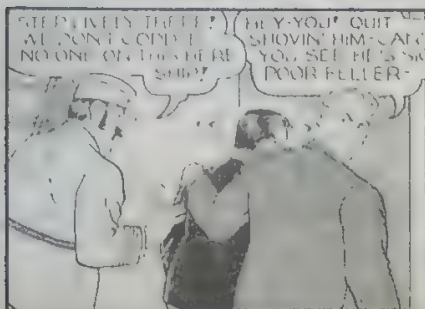
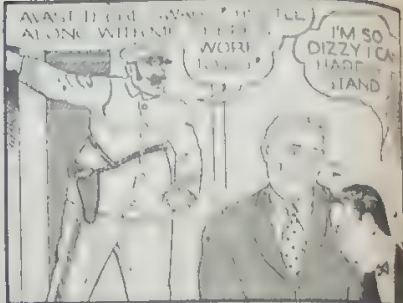
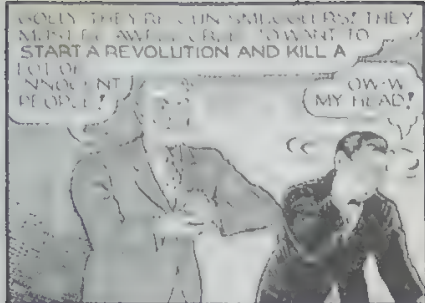


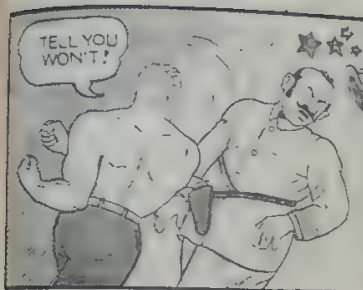
BY Kopp



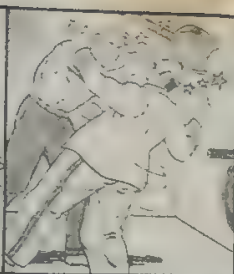






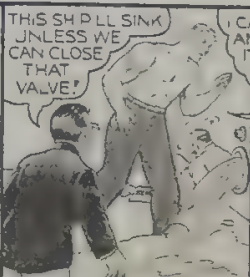


THE FIRST  
MATE PICKS  
UP A  
SHOVEL-  
BEFORE  
HE CAN  
SWING HIS  
WEAPON,  
SOKKO LANDS  
A HAYMAKER  
THAT SENDS  
HIM REELING  
.....



AS THE  
MATE FALLS  
BACK WITH A  
THUD,  
HIS BODY  
HITS THE  
HANDLE  
OF A SEA-  
VALVE,  
BREAKING  
IT OFF.  
WATER  
BEGINS TO  
RUSH IN-

THIS SHIP'LL SINK  
UNLESS WE  
CAN CLOSE  
THAT  
VALVE!



I CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING WITH  
IT-THE HANDLE'S  
BROKEN!



LET'S  
GET  
OUTA  
HERE!

WE'VE GOT TO  
GET THE MATE  
OUT AND WARN  
THE CREW



WHAT'S  
GON'  
ON HERE?

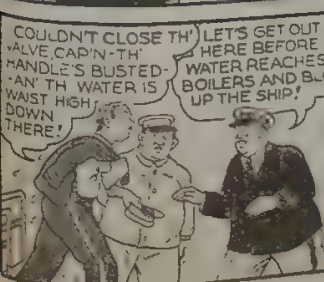
THE SHIP IS  
SINKING-



WE COULDN'T  
CLOSE THE  
SEA VALVE!



ALL HANDS ON  
DECK!-WE GOTTA  
SAVE THE SHIP!



COULDN'T CLOSE TH'  
VALVE, CAP'N-TH'  
HANDLE'S BUSTED-  
-AN' TH WATER IS  
WAIST HIGH  
DOWN THERE!

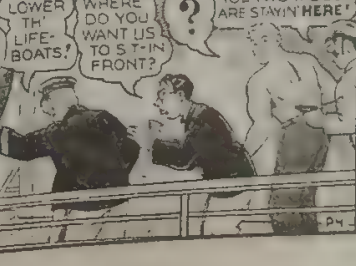
LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE BEFORE THE  
WATER REACHES THE  
BOILERS AND BLOWS  
UP THE SHIP!

LOWER  
TH'  
LIFE-  
BOATS!

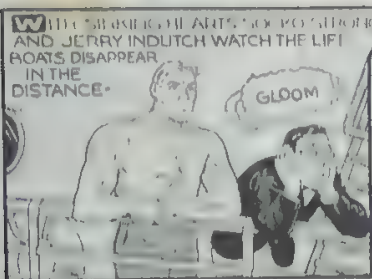
WHERE  
DO YOU  
WANT US  
TO STAY IN  
FRONT?

?

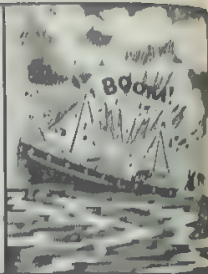
YOU TWO MUGGS  
ARE STAYIN' HERE!



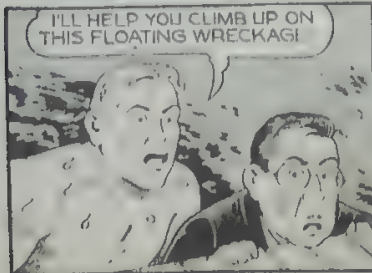
WITH SHAKING HEARTS AND POOR FORTUNE, AND JERRY INDUTCH WATCH THE LIFE BOATS DISAPPEAR IN THE DISTANCE.



SUDDENLY THERE IS A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AS THE WATER REACHES THE SHIP'S BOILERS. SOCKO AND JERRY ARE HURLED CLEAR OF THE SINKING VESSEL.



I'LL HELP YOU CLIMB UP ON THIS FLOATING WRECKAGE!

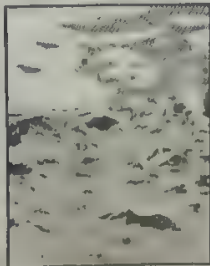


I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT WATER.

LOOK, WE'VE DONE FOR!



AS THE MANTLE OF DARKNESS FALLS, A GALE FROM THE NORTH THERE ABOUT TO BLOW THE MAKESHIFT RAFT TO BITS.



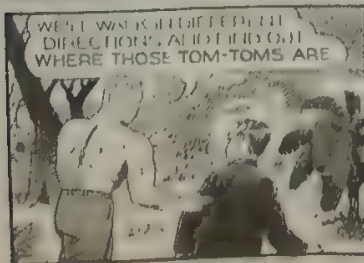
NEXT MORNING THE WIND SUBSIDES AND OUR FRIENDS FALL INTO THE SLUMBER OF COMPLETE EXHAUSTION. THEY ARE AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF

TOM-TOMS!

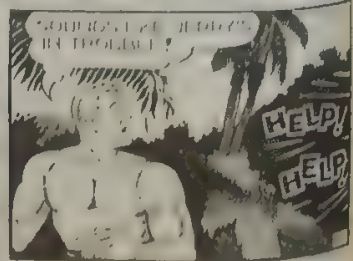
WE'VE DRIFTED TO LAND!



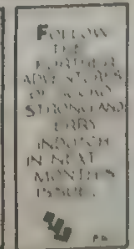
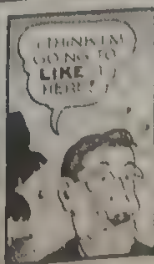
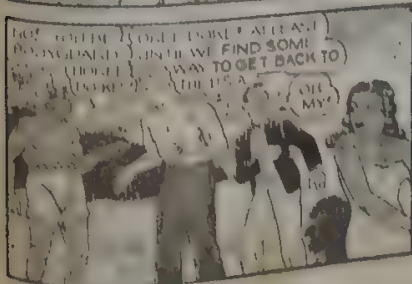
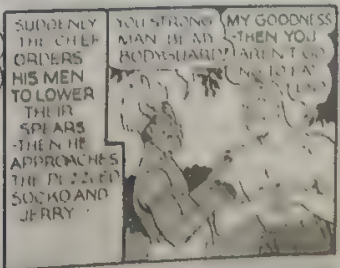
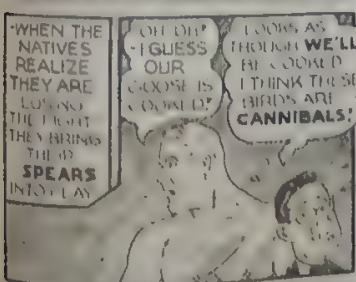
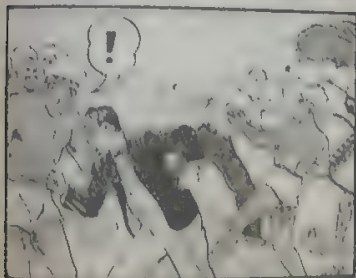
WE'LL WALK RIGHT IN THE DIRECTION, AND FIND OUT WHERE THOSE TOM-TOMS ARE.



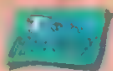
SOUND LIKE IT'S COMING FROM THE TROPICALS!







# Skip Schuyler.



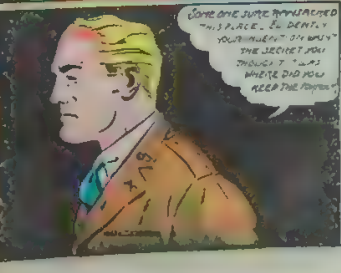
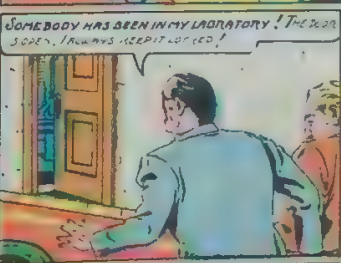
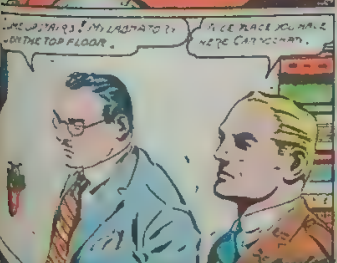
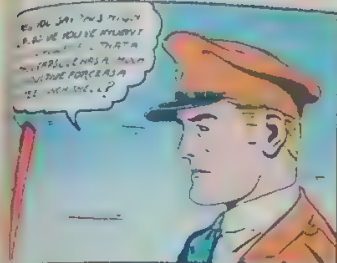
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "GOLDEN DRAGON."

THEir flight was a long one, and they were  
tired and hungry when they landed on the  
ocean towards HAWAII.

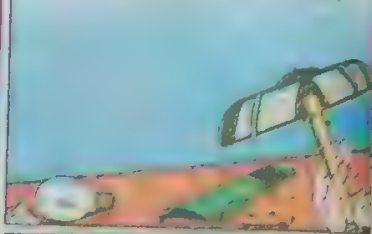


Major Burton  
I believe?





THE POOL IS A SMALL SPRING EMERGING FROM THE HILLER, SIDE OF THE LAKE. IT CAME OUT THROUGH A SHAFT OF CARBONATE THE CONCRETE PART OF THE LAKE.



$\frac{1}{2} \times 10 = 5$



YES THERE'S JOY  
IN THE CAPTAIN'S  
OLD MAN AND ANIMAL



I was extremely happy to be able to send the formula for you as it is for me so perfect. I am so much as I have been so well such time as you will send the formula to me in return, I will be able to follow!

De van! Kien wien!

HER OFFICE ON THE NAME  
1817 1/2 MILE SOUTHWEST

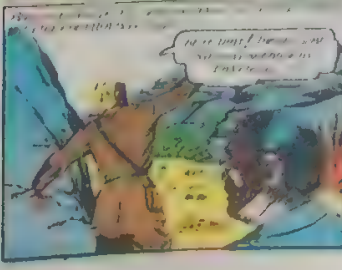
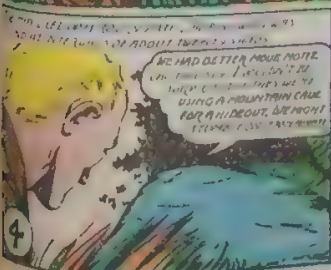
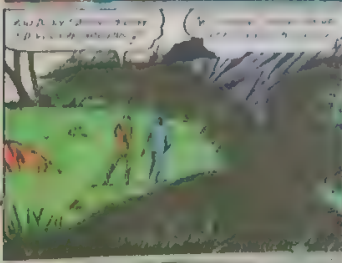
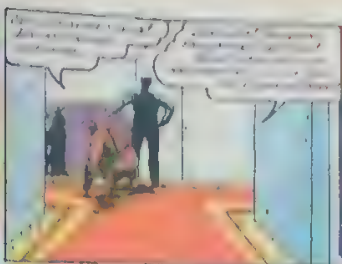


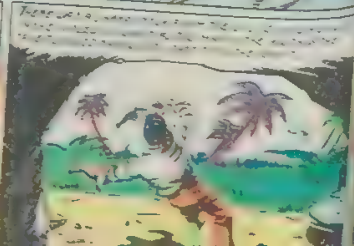
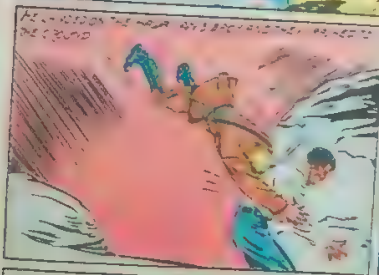
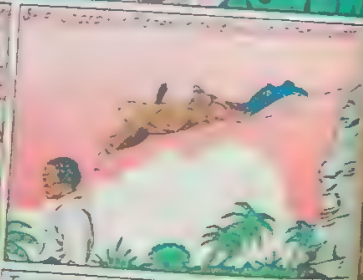
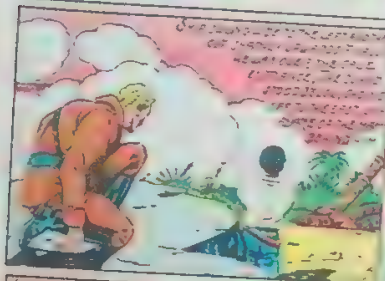
1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed script. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and addresses on the right.

607-388 -  
1-2-2-2  
STYCOLO 12918A









SOLD MAN. / A SPE  
SPEAKING SOME DAY,  
SPEAKED MY MIDE —  
SPEAKS GOIN THE CAVE

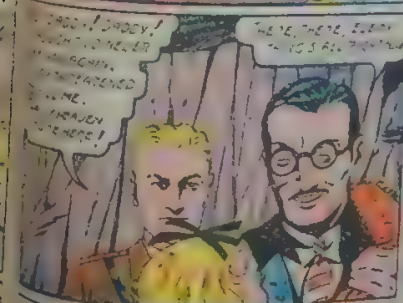


HE'S BOUND AND GAGGED BUT I DON'T THINK SHE'S BEEN  
KILLED. JUST A BIT FRIGHTENED.



"DADDY! DADDY!  
WANT TO MEET  
MY ACHIN.  
HE'S FATTENED  
UP FOR ME.  
I'VE BRAYED  
TUNE HERE!"

7. 12. 1911

[illegible]

THEY COULD HAVE BEEN ASKED TO GO TO THE COURT.



Давай! Давай! Давай!

3. CUT THE ROPE AND REMOVE THE GAG

THERE YOU ARE, M.  
CARNOSMAN.



DONNA, I WANT YOU TO KEEP  
THE MATTER PRIVATE FOR THE  
YOUR SAFETY, ETC.

1970  
 1971  
 1972  
 1973  
 1974



WHAT NEXT?



# RUSTY

AND HIS  
DALS  
By 

THEY'RE THE TWO THINGS  
THEY NEED TO  
GO ON

TEAM  
OF  
STARS

SUDDENLY THE EARTH TREMBLES, MAKING  
THE SHOT GO WILD

WHAT TH...

STEVE, LOOK!  
THE EARTH IS  
GIVING WAY

IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE  
THAT'S GOING  
UNDER THE SEA  
OFF AHEAD

A LITTLE SHOT OF THE EARTH TREMBLES, MAKING THE SHOT GO WILD

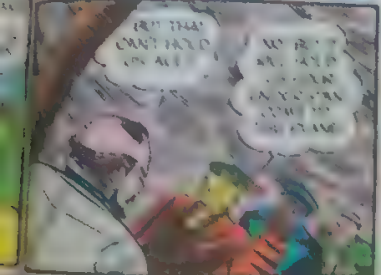
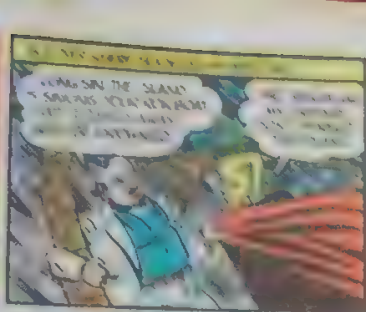
LOOK! THE  
WATER IS  
RISING.

IT'S NOT RISING THE  
ISLAND IS SINKING  
INTO THE SEA AGAIN

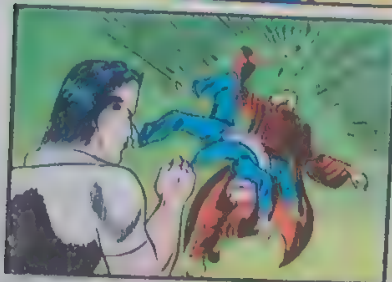
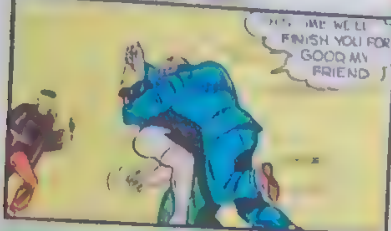
STEVE RUSTY  
THE ISLAND IS  
SINKING!

YEAH WE KNOW  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
OFF THIS ISLAND  
COMON LET'S GET  
TO THE BOAT!





SUDDENLY STEVE IS ATTACKED BY  
THE "MIA" HERO'S FRANCH



ALL SET IN THERE  
START THE MOTOR  
DUCHESS!

HOWEVER LONG THIS CRUISE CAME TO  
IMAGINE THE SIGHTS

LET'S GET THEM THEY'RE  
TRYING TO GET AWAY!  
IN THE PLANE

I CAN GET HER UP  
TO THE AIR WE'VE GOT  
TO MUCH OF A LOAD

THEN WE'LL THROW  
EVERYTHING IN THE  
PLANE AND GET THE  
COUNTRY WITH NONE!!

WELL THAT'S THAT.  
OH OH! WE'VE GOT THE  
RED BEING TAKEN

GIVE HER THE GUN  
DUCHESS OR WE'LL  
ALL BE SUNK!

IT'S ALL RIGHT  
NOW SHE IS  
LIFTING!

THEY'RE GETTING  
AWAY

WELL  
AND DIE!!  
DON'T  
LEAVE  
US!!

WE'RE SAFE BUT  
THOSE POOR DEVILS  
AREN'T. WELL THAT'S  
THE LAST OF  
THE ISLAND

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY  
AND TRYING TO GET AWAY

# ANCHORS AWEIGH!

KOU, ISLAND PARADOX IN THE PACIFIC IS THE  
 FIRST OF THE TWO ISLANDS, AND THE ONLY  
 COMPANY. IT IS A TELLING DOWN  
 AND RED A STRANGE  
 TALE OF PARADOX  
 ON THE 11TH  
 5145

I APPEALED  
 TO THE  
 U.S. NAVY,

**INTER-ISLAND  
SHIPPING CO.**

THESE ARE THE  
ALL THE  
AT A AND  
IN THE  
THE OTHERS THAT  
I HAVE IN MY HAND  
MADE BY ME  
ON THE FIRST DAY

...AND YET I THINK THE COMPANY OFFICIALS  
ARE RIGHT IN SUSPECTING PIRACY.....  
THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF  
**TAURUS THE BULL**... HE'S  
A HALF-BREED NATIVE, BORN  
ON THIS VERY ISLAND.

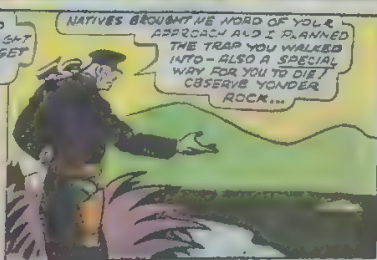
THE PAIR SEARCH THE MOUNTAINS FOR SIGNS OF A SERPENT

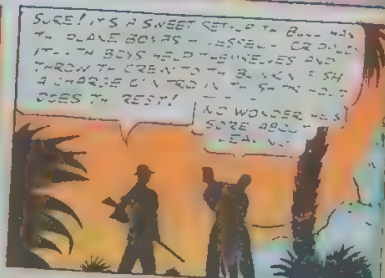
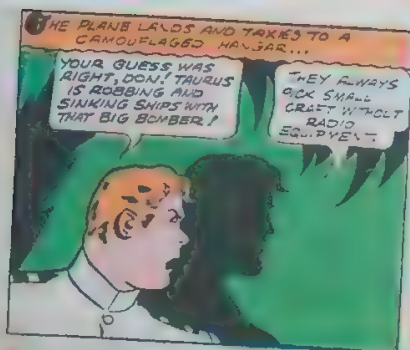
KEEP A LOOKOUT  
OR OIL ON  
THE WATER,

AROUND THE ISLAND..  
NOT A SIGN OF A  
PLANE OR HUMAN  
BEINGS.

RED,  
LOOK!



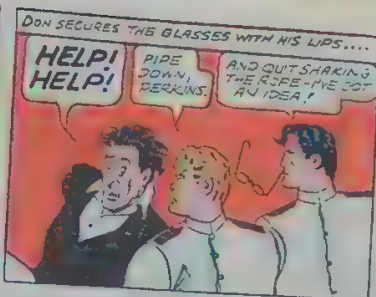






BERKINS' GLASSES  
ARE A HEAVY  
PENS...  
UNDER...

TH' WATERS RISIN'! TH  
SHARKS ARE WAITIN'....  
THEY'LL TEAR US APART!  
HELP!



DON SECURES THE GLASSES WITH HIS LIPS....

HELP!  
HELP!

PIPE  
DOWN,  
BERKINS.

AND QUIT SHAKING  
THE ROPE - I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!



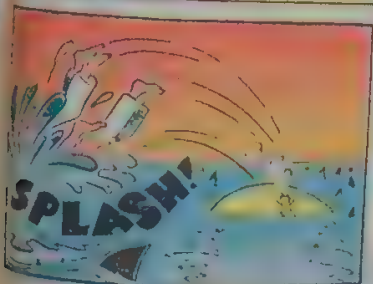
DON CONCENTRATES THE HEAT RAYS OF THE  
BRIGHT TROPIC SUN  
BY FOCUSING IT  
THROUGH THE  
HEAVY MAGNIFYING  
LENS.



HIS BONDS ARE SOON BURNED IN TWO  
AND HE FREES HIS COMPANIONS.

W-WELL NEVER  
G-GET TO SHORE  
-LOOK AT  
TH' S-SHARKS!

ANYWAY'S BETTER  
THAN WAITING HERE  
G'DAY!

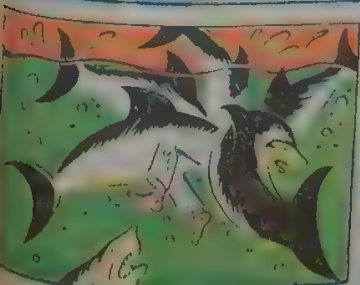


SPLASH!



SWIM FOR  
YOUR LIVES!

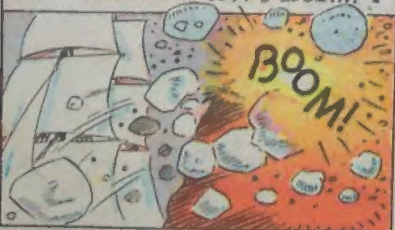
EEOW!



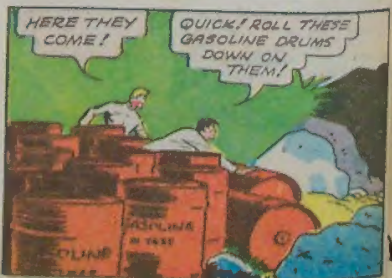
SO THAT'S WHAT TAURUS PLANNED FOR US!



BUT THE BARREL OF EXPLOSIVES STRIKES A BOULDER AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE....

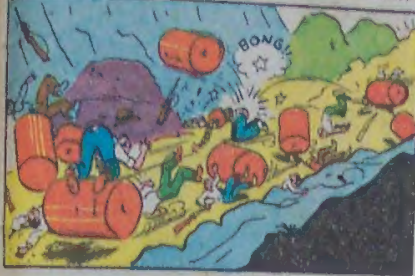


TAURUS LEADS THE REMNANTS OF HIS GANG UP TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE....





THE HEAVY ORGANS BLOW THE PIRATES DOWN...



DON AND RED  
SECURE ARMS  
FROM THE  
DRAZED  
CUTTHROATS.

KEEP THEM COVERED, RED.  
TAURUS IS MISSING!



AS DON SEARCHES  
AMONG THE ROCKS...

I CAN'T MISS!



BUT THE SUN COMES  
FROM BEHIND A CLOUD  
CASTING Taurus'  
SHADOW... DON  
DUCKS...

ZING!

BANG!



TAURUS, WOUNDED, LEAPS  
INTO THE RIVER.

THEY'LL  
NEVER  
TAKE  
ME!



W-W-WHAT... YAAH!!



MAYBE HE HAD IT COMING - BUT  
THAT OCTOPUS... UGH!!



DON AND RED REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT  
OF THE INTER-ISLAND SHIPPING COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN, WORD OF YOUR SUCCESS HAS  
PRECEDED YOU! THE OFFICIALS OF OUR  
COMPANY INVITE YOU TO BE OUR GUESTS  
AT A BANQUET TONIGHT WHERE WE  
HAVE TWO GREAT DELICACIES...

ULP!

SHARK STEAK  
AND  
OCTOPUS!



# AIRECORDS



## CONSTRUCTED AND FLEW THE FIRST BALLOON - 1783

JOSEPH MONTGOLFIER AND HIS BROTHER ETIENNE, AT VERSAILLES, SEPTEMBER, 1783, BEFORE THE KING OF FRANCE FLEW THE FIRST BALLOON. THE BALLOON ROSE TO THE HEIGHT OF 1,500 FEET AND LANDED TWO MILES AWAY.



by TERRY GILKISON



**RECORD PARACHUTE JUMP OF WORLD WAR I**  
THE FAMOUS ACE, MAJOR ERNEST UDET WAS THE ONLY PILOT DURING THE WORLD WAR WHO SAVED HIS LIFE BY USING A PARACHUTE AFTER A PLANE HAD BEEN SHOT TO PIECES. NOW, UDET IS A NOTED STUNT FLIER

## RECORD FIRSTS!



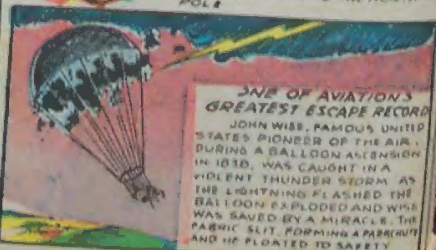
LINCOLN BEACHEY

## RECORD FLIGHT OVER NIAGARA FALLS

LINCOLN BEACHEY, FAMOUS AMERICAN DAREDEVIL AND STUNT FLIER, IN 1911, MADE THE FIRST FLIGHT OVER NIAGARA FALLS, GAINING THE NATION'S ACCLAIM



WALTER NINTON HOLDS MANY "FAMOUS FIRST" AIRBORDES - HE PILOTTED THE NAVY SEAPLANE AND HE WAS ON FIRST TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT. FIRST MAN TO FLY FROM NORTH TO SOUTH AMERICA - FIRST TO MAKE A SCIENTIFIC AND GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY BY AIRPLANE OVER JUNGLES OF BRAZIL. FAMOUS BALLOON FLIGHT WHEN BLOWN HALFWAY TO THE NORTH POLE



## ONE OF AVIATION'S GREATEST ESCAPE RECORDS

JOHN WISS, FAMOUS UNITED STATES PIONEER OF THE AIR, DURING A BALLOON ASCENSION IN 1830, WAS CAUGHT IN A VIOLENT THUNDER STORM AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHED THE BALLOON EXPLODED AND WISS WAS SAVED BY A MIRACLE. THE FABRIC SLIT, FORMING A PARACHUTE AND HE FLOATED TO SAFETY



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